

A MISUNDERSTANDING

By Maud Beasley

Lizzie Holt, at the perfumery counter of the Twenty-five and Fifty Cent store, looked up at Maggie Parsons, her neighbor behind the toilet articles.

"Gee! That's the third time old Simmonds has spoken to me this morning," she remarked.

"He must be getting stuck on you, Lizzie," replied her friend.

Simmonds, the owner of the chain of stores, was a man between sixty and seventy years of age. He had a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, he was not particularly well groomed or spruce; in short, he was not in the least the kind of elderly gentleman who would attract the affections of a pretty girl of twenty.

Lizzie had secured her position the first day she looked for one. She had come up from the country, and when she had saved up the price of a trousseau—a really elegant one—she meant to let George Robbins, at present employed in their home town as manager of a little local store, lead her to the altar.

Simmonds certainly appeared interested in Lizzie. Before the girl had been in the store a month he had already contrived to have her summoned to his private office at least a dozen times.

"How would you like to act as my stenographer, Miss Holt?" he inquired upon the last of these occasions.

"I don't know much about stenography," admitted Lizzie. "But I could learn, I suppose," she added, thinking of the increased salary and the improved trousseau that would result therefrom.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the old man, staring at her in a way that brought the blushes to her cheeks. "I'll pay for you to learn at the night school on the next block.

Then when you are competent, maybe there will be a place for you in here."

Seventeen comely young women looked daggers at Lizzie when she came out of the office.

"What d'he say to you, Lizzie?" demanded Maggie resentfully. "Raised you?"

"Not yet, but soon," said Lizzie, humming a tune.

The stenography lessons were a failure. Lizzie made no progress at



"He Must Be Getting Stuck on You, Lizzie."

all. Her vain little head was filled with the thought of the trousseau, and the hooks would turn the wrong way, and the consonants turn themselves into impossible angles. Meanwhile Lizzie continued at the store. Simmonds's attentions were now the talk of everyone. Lizzie could stand it no longer.

"If he wants to take an interest in